

Business Cards.

R. H. MARDIN,
Attorney and Counselor at Law.
Solicitor and Master in Chancery.
Office in the Court House.
Reference—Hon. Geo. W. Grady, Hon. C.
H. Heath, Hon. John W. Rowell.

SEWING MACHINES—NEW AND
second-hand, for sale or to rent. Price
from \$5 upwards. Needles and attachments
for all machines furnished, and machine re-
pairs. W. H. REMSEN.

PROUT, SIMONS & WALKER,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law.
Office in the Court House.
J. W. PROUT, N. P. SIMONS, A. D. WALKER.

O. F. SUTTON, M. D., Physician
and Surgeon. Office in the residence of
the late Dr. W. P. Russell. Office hours 9
to 12 a. m., and from 3 to 5 p. m.

E. P. RUSSELL, M. D., Physician
and Surgeon. Office at the residence of
the late Dr. W. P. Russell. Office hours 9
to 12 a. m., and from 3 to 5 p. m.

**H. R. HARRIS, Attorney & Coun-
sellor at Law.** Office in the Court House.
Reference—Hon. Geo. W. Grady, Hon. C.
H. Heath, Hon. John W. Rowell.

**W. R. KIDDER, Attorney and Coun-
sellor at Law.** Office in the Court House.
Reference—Hon. Geo. W. Grady, Hon. C.
H. Heath, Hon. John W. Rowell.

H. KINGSLEY, Dentist.
Office in the Court House.
Reference—Hon. Geo. W. Grady, Hon. C.
H. Heath, Hon. John W. Rowell.

Dr. H. Kingsley is Agent for the
Gibson's Kidney and Bladder Pills.
Office in the Court House.

**A. P. PUFFER, Attorney and Coun-
sellor at Law.** Office in the Court House.
Reference—Hon. Geo. W. Grady, Hon. C.
H. Heath, Hon. John W. Rowell.

R. CLAY, Dealer in Millinery and
Fancy Goods, Cloaks, Shawls, Furs and
all the latest novelties.
Middlebury, Vt.

**W. J. JUD, Manufacturer and Deal-
er in all kinds of American and Foreign**
Marble, Granite Work, &c. Will Old Middlebury
Marble Co.

W. BREWSTER, Dealer in Gold
and Silver Watches, Silver and Plated
Ware, of every description. All kinds of Repair-
ing done at the lowest rates. Brewster's Block,
Middlebury, Vt.

M. TRIPP, Sheriff for Addison
County. Office in Stewart's Block.
Middlebury, Vt.

**W. W. CLARK, Attorney & Coun-
sellor at Law.** Office in the Court House.
Reference—Hon. Geo. W. Grady, Hon. C.
H. Heath, Hon. John W. Rowell.

**T. W. TAYLOR, Attorney and Coun-
sellor at Law.** Office in the Court House.
Reference—Hon. Geo. W. Grady, Hon. C.
H. Heath, Hon. John W. Rowell.

**J. W. DAVENPORT, Fire Insur-
ance Agent.** Representing the companies listed
below. Office in the Court House.
Reference—Hon. Geo. W. Grady, Hon. C.
H. Heath, Hon. John W. Rowell.

L. R. SAYRE, Dealer in Household
Provisions, a general assortment of Gro-
ceries, Fruit, Cheese, Lard, Tea, Coffee, Sugar,
Oil, Tobacco, &c. Cash paid for Prime Butter
at any store any day in the week.
Middlebury, Vt.

H. S. PUTNAM would inform the
people of Middlebury and Addison County
that the Old Cotton Mill is in full operation, and
is in the process of being converted into a
factory for the manufacture of a superior quality
of cloth, at the lowest cost.
Middlebury, Dec. 12, 1872.

**H. TURRILL, Attorney and Coun-
sellor at Law.** Office in the Court House.
Reference—Hon. Geo. W. Grady, Hon. C.
H. Heath, Hon. John W. Rowell.

MRS. E. J. MARTIN, Fashionable
Dress and Cloak maker, has constantly on
hand all the latest and most approved patterns.
Work executed with satisfaction and dispatch.
Also sole agent for the Sewing Machine, Singer
and Lock Stitch Sewing Machine.
Middlebury, Vt.

WEEKS & BARBER, DEALERS IN
FURNITURE, CARPETS, PAPER HANGINGS,
CROCKERY, CHINA AND GLASS.
No. 1 Orena House Block.
Middlebury, Vt.

CENTRAL HOUSE, CHANDLER, VT.
On both the American and English plan, complete
with room, and suite and piano. Location un-
surpassed, being in the center of the town, and
convenient to all the public. Orders received in
every style, and for sale in
large or small quantities.
J. A. SALISBURY, Proprietor.

HILL & DEAN
Desire to announce to the public that they have
leased the room formerly occupied by Smith &
Lester, in the Court House building, and are pre-
pared to do all kinds of cabinet work, upholster-
ing, repairing and turning, in the most satisfac-
tory manner and at reasonable prices. All orders
promptly attended to.
W. H. Hill, H. Dean.

RESTAURANT
The Eating Saloon in Sheldon's Block, which has
been long the popular resort of hungry
visitors in this village, is now kept by Mr.
Henry Sheldon, and latterly by myself, is kept
up in a first-class condition in every respect, and
prepared to furnish every luxury in its season.
Orders sent constantly on hand, and warm
meals furnished at all hours. The continued
patronage of the public is solicited.
W. H. Hill, H. Dean.

FLORIDA.
From November to May, Florida is the
favorite resort for northern people, and its limited
hotel capacity prevents many from making it.
It is winter here who would otherwise do so. It
is proper to build a large hotel at some point
in the State to meet the requirements of those
who desire superior accommodations. My expe-
rience at the St. James Hotel Jacksonville, last
winter, enables me to speak confidently as to the
success of this enterprise. For information as to
plans, etc., address
F. H. ORVIS,
Equine House, Manchester, Vt.

SPRING-SIDE AVENUE.
LAST MONTH
SEVERAL LOTS
WERE PURCHASED
Among the buyers were A. P. Tupper, Esq.,
and Col. Knapp.

Others in Negotiation!
HANDSOME LOTS OFFERED ON
EASY TERMS!
The Superiority of
BUILDING LOTS
On this New Street is universally admitted.

Yes, it is a Christian duty.
To secure a pleasant home.
When the days are dark and rainy,
Of a stormy life shall come.
Yes, to feel one's self protected
From the blasts that winter sends
A step of life shall come.
To all parents and their friends,
MORAL:
Yes, build thyself a nice new house
Exempts from rent, or bug, or mouse.

Domestic.

He was a lonely man,
Who in his cabin dwelt,
Or to the narrow trail that ran
Along the mountain's side,
And night and morn, with dinner-pail
His back and forward strode,
Not that he was so fond of toil
To take the rocky road.

A steady-going miner man,
He sat at night and thought,
And many a curious mine's plan
He pondered in his mind.
In fancy he would thought,
As in his cabin, all alone,
Before the dawn of day,
Full many a picture came and shown
Of what he might do.

A handsome, bustling miner man,
Who in his cabin dwelt,
Or to the narrow trail that ran
Along the mountain's side,
And night and morn, with dinner-pail
His back and forward strode,
Not that he was so fond of toil
To take the rocky road.

He took the letter as he went,
Walking away alone,
And soon he saw him intent
To read it with a glow.
And as he read the letter's words,
His heart was full of joy,
His face was lit with light,
His eyes were full of tears.

Now, when he read the letter's words,
His heart was full of joy,
His face was lit with light,
His eyes were full of tears.
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consideration that these cares had also
made a difference in her; that she was
changed also; she could not feel—wishes
never came—that there was anything amiss
with her; that the cloud on her brow, and
the nervousness of her manner, radiated
magnetically repellant. Had
Mrs. Penney remained healthily sunny,
baker's bread would undoubtedly have
satisfied Mr. Penney. Deprived of the
joy he had, and had been accustomed
to be turned, man-fashion, to finding fault
with what under other circumstances, he
never would have considered for a mo-
ment.

You are not well this morning, Mrs.
Penney, said the kind voice of the seam-
stress, as the lady nervously brought out
the material she wished made up.

No; I am not very well, she replied,
apparently more to herself than to her
companion; but I don't mind so much
about that—I mean I could bear ill-health
very well—if I didn't have other trou-
bles.

The pale face of the dress-maker light-
ed up wonderfully, as she met the tired
eyes of her companion.

My dear Mrs. Penney, said she, with
sudden inspiration, will you allow me to
express my thought? Perhaps it may be
of service to you. I have had a very
hard life, and only by personal experience
have I learned anything—experience
of the richest, and yet most agonizing de-
scription.

I wish you would tell me something,
replied Mrs. Penney, with a quiver of the
sensitive lip. I am doing the best I can
and yet, Mrs. Harris, I am failing utterly
in accomplishing that which is dearest to
my heart—the happiness of my husband,
and the comfort of my home.

You think you are doing the best you
can, continued the seamstress; here you
are, and here is the result.

But, Mrs. Harris, interrupted the
lady, with an offended air—
Wait a moment, and I will explain
—prove the truth of my statement by
your own words. You acknowledged a
moment ago, that you were not well, but
that this first was of small importance
compared with other things. Now I
maintain that health is the ground-work
of all happiness, the beginning and end of
all progress. Without health you can no
more be a companion for your husband, and
a wise mother to your child, than your
husband could be a good business man
without it. This, then, is the first thing
to be considered. Your nerves are rasped
your child is more of a burden than a joy,
your pretty house an unpleasant responsi-
bility, your husband seems inconsiderate
and unappreciative, and the demon that
has brought about this complete meta-
morphosis lies entirely in yourself—your
present lack of a healthy foundation.

But John doesn't seem to sympathize
with me in these cares, broke in Mrs.
Penney. I tell him in the morning how
troublesome the baby has been, and all he
ever says is, 'Is that so?' I've heard
mother say that children are very apt to
be cross at that age. You'd better lie
down when the baby does, to-day, and
see if you can get a good night's sleep.

Exactly, said the seamstress. Do
you ever act upon this advice?

No; how can I! All the time I have
to sew and attend to things when the
baby is asleep.

Better let things go without attention
until the little one is less trouble.

And then John would find fault with
the disorder.

I do not think so. Your nervousness
creates a nervous atmosphere that
your husband feels as soon as he enters it.
The rest of the family does not realize any
more than yourself. The elements are
disordered. He is immediately thrown
out of equilibrium, and in trying to re-
store himself he takes hold of the wrong
string, and result is domestic chaos. Wo-
man must make the home. There is no
way of getting round that fact. Your
husband makes his place of business—
makes the money to adorn the nest with,
and finally he has the right to expect com-
fort when he flies to it at night.

But is a husband to have no respon-
sibility in home matters?

You would not think of finding fault
with your husband because nature had
not endowed him with the means of pro-
viding his baby with the first food it
needs.

Penney laughed.

That seems very ridiculous, does it
not? and yet is no more so than the hun-
dred and one things women demand of
their husbands, that they are equally un-
able to give. Woman is the natural
curse of the man, as well as of the man-
child! By nature, in the first instance, I
mean the comforter and inspirer. With-
out health, you can be neither. What,
then, is the result? You know as well
as I do. Sometimes divorce, sometimes
desertion, sometimes a dragging out an ex-
istence more terrible than either.

I wish you had heard Mr. Penney find
fault with the bread this morning, said
the little lady dreamily.

The bread was something tangible—
something he could get hold of. The real-
difficulty was not in the bread. Some-
thing seemed straightening out; he tried
to make himself believe it was the bread
he was irritated about, but my dear Mrs.
Penney, it was something far back of
that; I have no doubt I could trace it by
actually gradation; but at the bottom was
the disordered state of your nerves, caused
by neglected health. Get well and your
bread will be all right.

Do you really think so, Mrs. Harris?
But how shall I get well?

By taking advantage of every possible
opportunity to make up the sleep you have
lost by arranging with your servant, even
by paying her more wages, to take care
of the baby while you go out to ride or
walk, or make a visit; to change condi-
tions as often as you can make it con-
venient, and especially to arrange to accom-
pany your husband when he desires you to
go with him.

Oh, John hates to go out alone of an
evening. Last night he hurt me awfully,
fully, by saying that if the baby kept on
interfering with his pleasure he should
do it a nuisance! Poor little baby!

He wants me to have a nurse; but how
can I trust a stranger with my treasure?

There it is—as plain as sunlight.

In this remark you have shown me your-
self and husband exactly. Your husband
wants you, and is lonely and discontented
without you. He cannot feel the same
tenderness for the child that you do; so
be sensible, and not demand it. You are
divided between your love for your hus-
band and your love for your baby. You
have fretted yourself into a state of ill-
ness and actual discomfort, because you
cannot serve both as you feel they should
be served. If your husband wants you, for
his sake, you should obey him, for in this
it is wiser than you.

Oh, Mrs. Harris, if you could only
live with us!

I will dear, if you want me; for I
have no home, and perhaps I may do you
good.

After this the way was made plain.
There were few jars at first, but common
sense, good health, and the good nature
of both, arranged all at last, and both
husband and wife were blessed the an-
gel that was sent them in the guise of a
seamstress.

SECRETS OF THE SANCTUM.—The hum-
orist of the Detroit Free Press observes
that there is always one vacant chair in
the sanctum of every daily paper, or it
would be vacated for the right man. It
is the position of "really very good, but
we haven't room for it." When a young
man, with a very good education, and a
bundle of manuscript under his arm, all
the staff know what is coming, or a
poem on the fast disappearing Indian
race, or five hundred verses on the power
of love. It is really wonderful how sa-
guine he is. He has selected this particu-
lar paper as a great favor to the paper,
and the editor, who has a slight sign as
he sees him, thinks of offering him less than
a dollar a verse, and after they have han-
dled him the money they will pat him on
the back and say: "Go on, young man,
there is a wealth of laurels for you in
the future." He walks around the room
a few times to collect himself, and then
goes for the nearest man. He is referred
to "the man in the other room," and the
man in the other room, however, says as
he sees him, "Here's a few verses on
springtime, which I dashed off the other
day," says the young man, as he de-
posits the roll on the table. "You can
look over them, and I will call for the
money on Saturday." He goes out, and
the recipient of the roll unrolls it, feels
his hair raise up as he sees that some-
times have ten "feet," others six, and that
a pile driver could not pound the paper
into his pocket. He reads the paper, and
begins to read Saturday. Saturday comes,
and with it the young man, who expects
a check and a compliment. He sits
down, and there is a long pause. The
editor would rather attack a Bogardus
kicker than to say what he must say, but
he finally gets around to it. "Very good—
reasonable—well written—but, ah!—
ah!—ah! we haven't room for it. Just
at present, you'd better send it to the
New York Post.

The young man gets up with an awful
look of contempt and revenge on his
face, seizes the roll, and goes out feel-
ing that he is an enemy of the paper,
the editors, reporters, compositors and
apprentices forever after. This is only
an illustrative case. There is the woman
who has written nineteen verses on her
husband, and the editor, who has a slight
sign as he sees her, thinks of offering her
less than a dollar a verse, and after they
have handled her the money they will pat
her on the back and say: "Go on, young
man, there is a wealth of laurels for you
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times have ten "feet," others six, and that
a pile driver could not pound the paper
into his pocket. He reads the paper, and
begins to read Saturday. Saturday comes,
and with it the young man, who expects
a check and a compliment. He sits
down, and there is a long pause. The
editor would rather attack a Bogardus
kicker than to say what he must say, but
he finally gets around to it. "Very good—
reasonable—well written—but, ah!—
ah!—ah! we haven't room for it. Just
at present, you'd better send it to the
New York Post.

band and your love for your baby. You
have fretted yourself into a state of ill-
ness and actual discomfort, because you
cannot serve both as you feel they should
be served. If your husband wants you, for
his sake, you should obey him, for in this
it is wiser than you.

Oh, Mrs. Harris, if you could only
live with us!

I will dear, if you want me; for I
have no home, and perhaps I may do you
good.

After this the way was made plain.
There were few jars at first, but common
sense, good health, and the good nature
of both, arranged all at last, and both
husband and wife were blessed the an-
gel that was sent them in the guise of a
seamstress.

SECRETS OF THE SANCTUM.—The hum-
orist of the Detroit Free Press observes
that there is always one vacant chair in
the sanctum of every daily paper, or it
would be vacated for the right man. It
is the position of "really very good, but
we haven't room for it." When a young
man, with a very good education, and a
bundle of manuscript under his arm, all
the staff know what is coming, or a
poem on the fast disappearing Indian
race, or five hundred verses on the power
of love. It is really wonderful how sa-
guine he is. He has selected this particu-
lar paper as a great favor to the paper,
and the editor, who has a slight sign as
he sees him, thinks of offering him less than
a dollar a verse, and after they have han-
dled him the money they will pat him on
the back and say: "Go on, young man,
there is a wealth of laurels for you in
the future." He walks around the room
a few times to collect himself, and then
goes for the nearest man. He is referred
to "the man in the other room," and the
man in the other room, however, says as
he sees him, "Here's a few verses on
springtime, which I dashed off the other
day," says the young man, as he de-
posits the roll on the table. "You can
look over them, and I will call for the
money on Saturday." He goes out, and
the recipient of the roll unrolls it, feels
his hair raise up as he sees that some-
times have ten "feet," others six, and that
a pile driver could not pound the paper
into his pocket. He reads the paper, and
begins to read Saturday. Saturday comes,
and with it the young man, who